



# 魚人姫と私

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Princess Mermaid  
and I

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# Kyou Kara Maou - Mini-Novel - The Maidmer Princess and I

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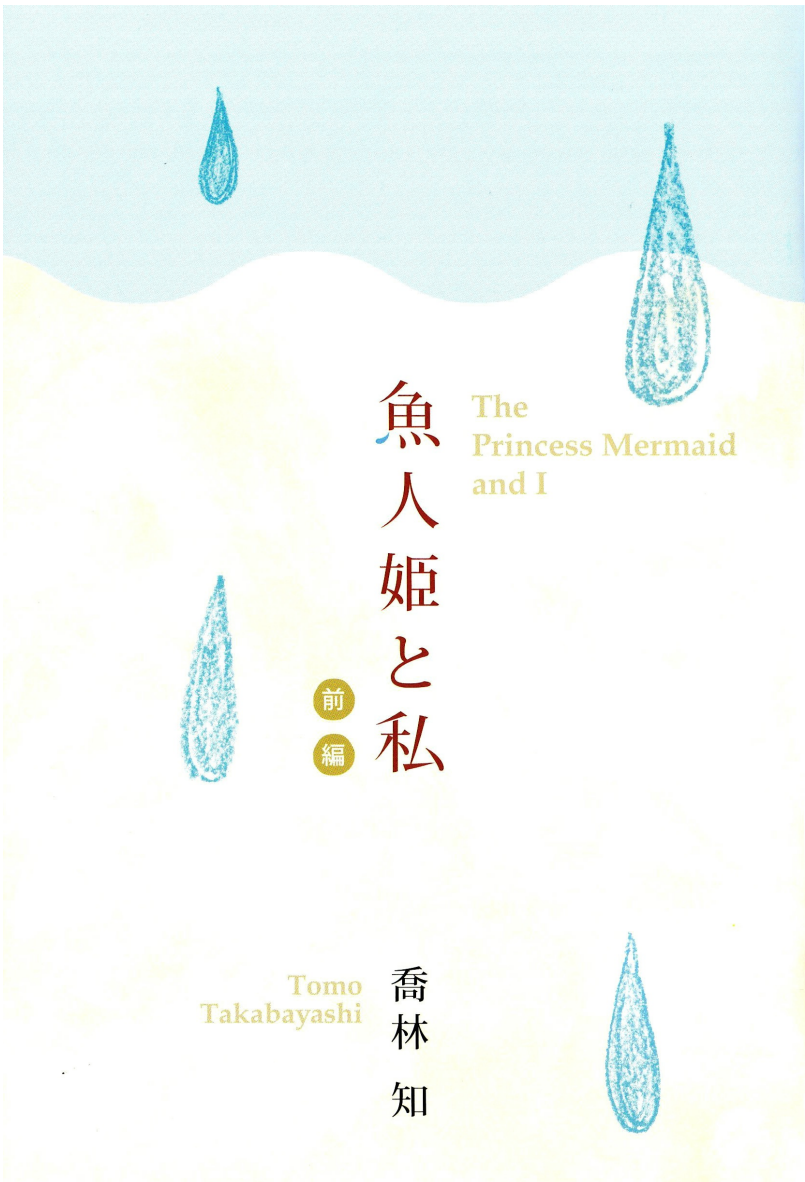
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Part 1

The Princess Maidmer and I - part 1[[edit](#)]

By Takabayashi Tomo



"It's kinda basic, huh?"

Since he broke the ice all of a sudden, I couldn't help but reply with a question.

"What did you say?"



When the afternoon started turning into evening, unexpectedly, Yuuri who was loitering in my room at the Blood Pledge Castle said the following without looking at me.

"Basic. It's what you call a player who always throws straight balls, or always throws the same type of ball without being able to change the type of attack. They're called basic. Dare I say it? It's something monotonous."

"Haa..."

I know very well he tends to compare everything to baseball, but if he doesn't even let me know what the main subject is, it's difficult to understand what he's talking about.

It's unusual to see him, who loves OUTDOOR TRAINING, spending his free time in silence, but with the terrible weather outside and the droplets hitting the window, not only can one not go jogging, but it would be impossible to even go out for some quick shopping.

And that's why, without being able to do anything about it, he was literally loitering in my poorly lit room.

Maybe because he slowly got tired of moving from the bed to the chair, he was now lying on the sofa throwing a citrus fruit to the ceiling. He would catch it always in the same place, right before the fruit hit his face. Since it had the size of a ball, you absolutely need to play with it, right?

"So Conrad, your room is really basic.... there's nothing about it that's interesting ...."

My room? You were talking about my room? For a second, my hand dropped to my chest in relief. Then, I thought of some words from Earth that he might be thinking of.

"Could it be that you mean 'SIMPLE'?"

"Yeah, that's it. SIMPLE... That word has a nice meaning."

"Even if you say it has a nice meaning..."

I looked around my room.

In my hometown, there was someone who was giving up a territory that they



got as an inheritance; and I was sent a complicated document about it. The pages of that document were spread on a round desk and chair that are simply not suitable for work. It looked just like a restaurant table, and it even had a white tablecloth on it.

Then there was an ordinary sofa and a coffee table. By the window, there's the couch that he was using. There wasn't a bookshelf, like the ones in Lord von Voltaire's and Lord von Christ's rooms, nor was there a gigantic medicine cabinet, like the one in Lady von Karbelnikoff.

The walls didn't have any particular decoration. There weren't any armors being displayed, like those that collectors of warrior memorabilia usually have. Since I don't have that hobby, there's only two swords hanging above the fireplace.

On the floor, there's only a carpet to protect myself from the cold weather. However, this carpet differs from the ones you can find in the other rooms, and it's substantially bigger. This is because I find being barefoot relaxing. I wonder if I can change the rules to completely ban shoes from this room.

In my bedroom there's only a modest shelf and a storage compartment with some things in it, like some of my father's well-worn personal belongings that I inherited, although most of them are back in my hometown.

Rather than saying it's SIMPLE, it would be best to say there aren't a lot of things in it.

"Amazing! So this is what the room of a popular guy looks like. It's just like a MODEL HOUSE."

Yuuri sounded like a compliment expert, praising it without holding back. I simply thought that his perception of beauty was different from mine.

"It doesn't feel as if anyone lives here at all!"

"... Is that a praise?"

"Of course it's a praise!!! Listen... You know? I sort of... what percentage of unfuckability do you think I... ? Ouch!"

Since he turned his face towards me while lying on the couch, he failed to



catch the fruit, which hit him right on the face. But the one who felt like crying was me. Unfuckability? What did you say?

"Sorry, I wasn't listening for a second. (t/n: Could you say that again?)"

"I was talking about a guy's percentage of unfuckability. I got a hopeless 88 percent."

"Unfuc... and on what criteria do people base themselves for... that?"

"It's a survey that women take. Someone brought a magazine to school with that survey. They were given numbers and answered YES or NO to that question and then the answers were added to get a percentage."

"Ah"

Once again, my hand dropped to my chest in relief. When I went to Earth, at worst you'd have beauty pageants or prom queens and such. But this was a HIGH SCHOOL CONTEST to see if people want to sleep with someone or not. I was really surprised at how much things have changed.

But wait, was this a special article in a magazine for men?

"And so, as I mentioned before, I got an 88 percent in the unfuckability scale. It's terrible, I'm on the same class as Dekawa Tetsuro<sup>[1]</sup>."

I wasn't sure what a Dekawa class was, but women probably see Yuuri as a younger brother or a friend, because he's a kawaii type of guy.

But considering the type of question that was asked, the answer was to be expected.

If you were asked by your lover "Who's more important: Baseball or me?" What would you answer?

1) Baseball 2) Lover 3) I don't care one way or the other.

2) and 3) are not a problem, but after honestly answering 1), you'd probably get ZERO POINTS. It's actually amusing.

"But how is that related to the appearance of a bedroom?"

"It said that a room has to look like one where women want to spend time in."

He said this as he lowered his voice and looked away from me while sticking his



short nails into the fruit to peel its skin. As droplets of juice gushed out, he narrowed his black eyes slightly.

"It said 'Do you have a CD storage rack?' ; ' Do you have a bed or a futon?' "

"You have a bed, right?"

"Yeah? But it's not properly made. 'Do you have posters on your wall'?"

"I bet you have them, maybe."

He showed the smile of someone who was caught off guard and said "Why do you know thaaat?" making the last word longer.

"But it said they have to be soccer posters, that it can't be baseball posters. Unbelievable, right?..."

"But in America baseball fans are popular though."

No, actually American football is popular over there.

"But why are women only okay with soccer posters? Isn't that sports discrimination?"

"I don't see the problem. Baseball is a man's sport, for sure."

"But in very rare cases there are female players who have the baseball loving heart of a guy."

After that, instead of throwing the trash away, he put the peeled skin on the floor carefully and began to divide the fruit into segments.

Rather than someone picky, he did it more like a well-brought up young master.

But that thought was short-lived. He then boldly split the fruit into 4 parts, and put one of them in his mouth. He's even cheerful when he eats.

"You also can't have martial arts posters, because of the partial nudity. And muscles are so amazing... wanna eat?"

"That's okay."

It looked obviously sweet. I just couldn't take some of it away from him.

"So, what it said was that 'in order to get a girlfriend, first you have to change



yourself'. But something like that... , I don't think I can abandon a comfortable room for a girl who may or may not come."

"Yes, indeed."

Even though he nodded in agreement, he didn't look very happy about it. I wonder why.

"Well, there's no point in agreeing with an obviously popular guy, because I'm in a completely different CATEGORY. This room gives a 'man who can do anything' vibe to begin with, so there's no need to remodel the room. Although, it doesn't feel like anyone lives here."

"That's because I don't spend much time here"

"Is that so? Ah, so you're the type that only comes home to sleep in the morning? And sometimes bring a girl with you."

"No, I don't have any particular romantic stories..."

In fact, women have seldom stepped foot in this room at the Blood Pledge Castle. Actually, forget seldom, they never have. If we talk about my hometown of Luttenberg, it wouldn't be more than a handful of women. At best, they'd reach the reception room or the study, but that's not the same as taking them all the way to the bedroom.

A variety of incorrect things were said about me and a rumor was greatly exaggerated.

And basically, it bothers me because it's about a love story of mine. That's right, I haven't been close with many partners. Since I go out on dates and have fun outside, I did not need to bring anyone close to me<sup>[2]</sup>.

Anyone would dislike bringing a stranger into a private place of their own. And I didn't think I'd discover my proclivities at that age...

Anyways, he was sitting there on the couch, getting angry and clutching what was left of the fruit.

"Lies! Saying that you have few love stories, is an absolute a lie!"

"It's not."



"The humility of a popular guy is nothing but sarcasm!"

"Why would you say ? ... Ah! By the way..."

Since I said it as if I was about to tell a story, he leaned forward. It can't be helped now, right now, I started to remember everything all of a sudden.

"I've only fallen in love twice, and they were both very dense experiences."

"D-dense?"

"Yes, they were DEEPLY meaningful."

"Is it okay for me to hear the story? Or rather, is it R-18?"

"His majesty is already an adult, so you can listen."

"Yay! Thank you adulthood at age 16!"

What a problem, his eyes are shining with expectation for another person's love story. He's probably hoping the story will include the pink parts as well.

He approached the round table next to me and pulled a wooden chair closer.

Crap, I don't have passionate stories that would meet his expectations.

"This story took place in the barracks. Not the barracks of this castle, but the ones in my hometown..."

That's right, this episode didn't happen while I was living a castle life here, but while I was wandering from one place to another.



"Let me introduce you to a woman."

After a long time, I had finally returned to my hometown of Luttenberg, where I met an old friend by chance who suddenly said this to me.

Although I say he's an 'old friend' , it's nothing fancy like an old friend from



school. And it's not like I hadn't seen him for a long time either.

Ever since we were children this guy and I have had an undesirable but inseparable relationship, he was one of the many people who adored Dunheely Weller... but no, since my father isn't in this world anymore, currently it seems that he has won over my older brother<sup>[3]</sup>.

At any rate, my childhood friend Gurrier Josak is a fine patriot, even if his blood is half mazoku, half human.

After all, for the country and his people, he followed an unreasonable command to go to a brutal battlefield, and he also works in espionage and infiltration, in disguise, as one would expect.

If one were to point out one thing though, it would be that there are some strange points in his self-perception as a man. Because no matter what the contents of a mission may be, people don't incorporate those aspects to their everyday life, right? Like crossdressing.

"It's just... it's strange you know? You keep being on the receiving end maidens's screams."

"Wait, I cannot let you say that. Are you implying that I'm some sort of villain who horrifies women to the point of making them scream?"

"Oh, stop it. You know what I mean. I'm talking about high-pitched screams, high pitched<sup>[4]</sup>. At any rate, with all the rumors of love affairs about you, it's strange that you don't have a girlfriend."

Sitting on a flat chair at a tavern, he extended his long legs to a side. Of course when he extended his legs, I mean both of them, in fact his entire body shifted to a side, and that's because he was wrapped in slit dress that showed his thighs.

"Josak, why are you crossdressing even though you're off duty....? In this tavern for soldiers....? In those....?"

"Shh, shhh! Don't be so nosy, don't be so nosy! We're talking about you, not me. If I thought the wound had healed I'd be off on some top secret mission. I'm glad that you've finally returned after so many years, but you've left the military and are living a wandering life going wherever you please. What happened to my commander? Even though you are a renowned warrior, you've come here and



suddenly became a wandering traveler. Has your father's blood awaken in you? "

"That's not why I'm here."

Although I was fine with him pouring a generous amount of what was in the bottle in front of us, he then approached his face without permission and started sipping the excess alcohol that was about to spill. Even though it was my glass.

I didn't mind the fact that he was drinking from it, it was the lipstick smudge that he left on the glass that bothered me. Couldn't it be because of situations like this, that rumors about me have spread and that's the reason why I'm alone?

"How do you know I don't have a lover?"

"Because your room is quite bleak."

Acting just like a real woman, he entwined his fingers and put his hands next to his cheek.

"My room?"

"That's right, it's bleak. It doesn't feel like any women have ever been there"

"I only ever use it to sleep.... but, why do you know that? No way! Did you go in!?"

Josak grinned, his smile like that of someone about to tell a juicy story.

"What did you do while I was away?"

"I asked the house sitter to come in. Since they knew my face they let me in."

I asked an old couple to take care of the place while I was away. Because of this guy's appearance and how pushy he is, they must have been easily overpowered.

"Of course it looked bleak, because I wasn't there. In the first place, when lovers are in a place, that room doesn't change at all, right?"

"Ahh, so the prince has been going out at night to play."

"What did you say?"

I haven't 'gone out at night to play' since I got back from earth. Or rather, since I haven't been long in the country, there's no way this guy could know what I



have or have not been doing.

Despite my puzzled look, Josak argued vehemently with a smug look on his face.

"Look, when a person is in love, their clothes, their expression and the vibe of their room change. People use bedsheets of beautiful colors, put flowers in a vase and stuff like that"

"That's something that women do, right?"

"Love has nothing to do with gender. I, who have the appearance of a woman and the leg hairs of a man, know that I'm right."

"Go shave"

"Shut up"

Did he favor the natural look, or the importance of aesthetics? That question was easy to answer, because I had his strong, extended legs right before my eyes. But I did not dare to say anything, instead I approached my brow to the glass and drank. I didn't want to look at them.

But the owner of the legs, turned them towards me, waiting.

"... You know this already. Love is far away from this place, but..."

"Right? That's why your wonderful friend right here wants to introduce you to a girl"

"Wait, listen, just because I haven't gone out with someone of the opposite sex for a while, it doesn't mean I need to get a lover right away. Or actually, I'm not looking for someone to fall in love with right now. Or rather, for the time being, I don't have time to be looking in that direction."

"Please don't have such gloomy thoughts"

With his hands used to hold big swords, he patted my back . Of course I wanted to return the patting but if people were to see two strong men doing this, it would inevitably be mistaken for a quarrel. So I put up with it.

"It happened to me too all of a sudden, a good friend of mine fell passionately in love, had a quick wedding and forgot all about me! That's not something



anyone wants. You've finally recovered a little bit and if I were to abandon you, you'd be sad, right?"

"Cut it out."

"But say, isn't it sad to see lord Weller walking under this sky alone, without a girl by his side? Don't you feel even a little bit lonely? If that's the case, then the morale in the red-light district will drop."

"The red-light district? Morale?"

"I'm talking about lowering the spirit of the people who work in that area."

They don't seem like people with a sense of solidarity but maybe there's some occupational consciousness that I'm not aware of. Anyway, a dip in the income of a commercial district that brings in a lot of money (even if it somewhat disrupts the public moral) impacts the state's finances. But even if I know that can't be ignored....

"Well, I doesn't need to be a lover. It's fine if you just walk with a lady around town. At any rate, I found some women and now I'm going to introduce them to you. Since the commander Lord Weller is so popular, you got a reputation as a philanderer."

Even though I was ignoring his every word, I felt like he didn't care.

"Aaaaanyways, a lot of people showed up and I started choosing. So this is the selected group of candidates for girlfriend for Lord Weller, supervised by Gurrier Josak."

At the sign of the tavern owner (who seemed to have been evasive till then), women appeared and lined up before me. Sitting across from me, on the other side of the table, there were five smiling women. There were so many different TYPES of women gathered there it was almost admirable. Their body shape, hair color, eye color, skin color, and overall vibe, were all different from one another.

The blonde beauty with blue eyes on the left corner, despite having an average hair color, somehow managed to make her hair and eyes glitter. She was wearing a racy outfit with an open cleavage. Her TYPE resembled that of my mother's.

The two in the middle were a redhead and brunette. Only their clothes were



similar, everything else about them was different. The redhead had big brown eyes and a very particular big smile. On the other hand, the brunette had dropped shoulders, slit eyes and a refined face. I could quite make up the color of her eyes because of the shade that her long eyelashes projected. I thought those two were the youngest in the group.

They were wearing matching outfits one deep green, the other one dark blue. They were simple clothes that didn't expose too much skin, but you could tell by the gloss of the fabric that they were of good quality. Her fingers, crossed at the height of their navels were also beautiful. They looked like girls from good families, that didn't belong this late at night, in a tavern like this.

The problem were the remaining two.

The second from the right, was tall and had extremely wide shoulders. Her gracefully rolled up hair was either red or gold, her eyelashes and eyebrows were of the same color. But no matter how you looked at it, there was no way she was born with that hair color. Be as that may be, the two arms showing, as her outfit only covered her shoulders were quite sturdy, which means she had quite a bit of muscle. On top of that her hip bones were massive.... And is that a...?

"So what do you think about my selection? They're all very beautiful."

"One of them is a guy, right?"

"If you look at them they all have their own special beauty. I thought about the commander's undefined taste for women, and I simply picked the ladies judging by their appearance and went for the different types of women that the working-class men like."

"One of them is a guy, right?"

"Now, now, maybe you were into that type, right?"

Don't tell me 'now, now'. Anyone would be upset if a friend tells you he's going to introduce you to women, and then there's a guy in the mix. Furthermore, he hadn't even shaved his beard. He was just a guy in girl's clothes. That's not cute at all.

"But the woman on the right is really your type, right? The one in the right corner?"



It's true, I was interested in the girl that was in the right corner, but not for the reasons he stated. Out of the five people there, she was the most plain-looking one. In terms of self-confidence, when compared to the other four, she was somewhat different. It's like she didn't understand the situation she was in, and kept looking around. Her hair color resembled mine, and she had it neatly tied in the back. I thought that it wasn't long enough to bother her, but clearly she must have thought it was in the way. Could she be a woman with a career outside the house? I reassessed. She looked like she worked at the military library department or the accounting department. I kept staring at her. Unfortunately I wasn't looking at her appearance or vibe, but her luggage.

It was very big. Something elongated, completely wrapped and she was holding it with both arms. It was about the size of a child, and it was too big for someone of her body size to carry properly. Furthermore, you could see that both her arms were dripping water droplets. But this was expected as she was tightly wrapped in a light yellow blanket and was soaking wet.

The mystery object was also wrapped in wet blankets. The woman from the right corner was carrying such a suspicious luggage, and by the way she was holding it, it looked like she was cradling a baby. The weight of the item didn't seem to change the expression on her face. The humble appearance didn't suit her at all and I wondered if she could be a terribly important person.

As I was worriedly staring, I thought I saw the lump move. It moved!? Did the luggage itself move?

"Hey, wait. That woman wrapped in a blanket seems to be holding a child in her arms, besides, the luggage moved....."

After hearing me mutter those words, she looked down in panic.

No way, did she bring her child here!?

The way she was holding the luggage really looked like she was holding a baby, but by the size of the package I'd say it's already a child, and for some reason she was walking around with it wrapped in a wet blanket.

Could it be the child couldn't be exposed to outside air? Or maybe it can't be exposed to light? But there's no way that if a child had a sickness, she would expose it to such dangers, just to come to this tavern at night.



I understand that Josak called her and said 'I want to introduce you to my friend', but I really didn't see why it was necessary for her to go as far as to introduce me to her child....

No way, was she thinking about marriage....

As soon as I had that thought, I started lifting my hips from the seat.

You gotta be joking, right? Marriage? This is a problem, she wants to get married?

Thinking about how I'd decline the proposal, I scratched my memory looking for famous quotes.

"So what will you do commander? Which girl will you pick?"

Asked Josak in a carefree tone without knowing my concerns. With a slightly troubled smile, I gave a safe answer.

"Ladies, you're all very beautiful and I don't want to have to narrow it down to only one of you."

Mn? Wait a sec. Even if she's thinking about marriage so aggressively, if I don't choose her, then there won't be any trouble. I just have to pick another candidate. But which one...?

"Whaaaat?" said Josak by my side with a manly shout.

"Come on choose someone, I put my heart into this"

"..... ugh"

I had no words.

What he said was true. Josak's whole town got involved, and in order to escape that place, I had to choose one of them. I absolutely didn't want to. For the time being, I didn't have any time to spare for love.

「 He 」<sup>[5]</sup> was able to finally get there and who knows how long it took him to get ready. In order to live as comfortable as possible in his hometown, he had to sort out many problems. And in order to do that he had to learn about countries by being in touch with lots of people and learn their cultures and history.

There are still many unexplored territories. I didn't have any free time for love.



Wouldn't it be better to simply not choose anyone?

But if I used that strategy, then I would see the glimmer in the eyes of those ladies disappear. They were all waiting for me to choose.

"All right, all right, the one that I recommend is..."

Only Josak looked like he was having fun.

But even if I chose one of them, the rest would end up getting their feelings hurt. But if I make them think "This guy's the worst" then they'd be glad they only came here to look but weren't chosen.

So I really only had one option. In short, I'd be a despicable man so that the women would be disgusted.

"Ladies, you're all too beautiful, I feel it would be a waste for you to go out with me. But if the second person from the right ...."

"It's a raid!"

In a second, the selection had turned into a nightmare.

The customers and employees near the entrance screamed. This didn't look like a dangerous place that the police would break into to carry on an investigation.

At that moment, she (he) moved her right hand towards her hip. I don't carry long swords for battle when I go out walking around town, but my acquaintances always carry portable weapons for self-protection. And in Josak's case, it didn't look like he was going to protect me at all.

"What does he mean raid? Is anyone doing any illegal gambling in here?"

"It's not that ~! Damn it! Stuffel you bastard! You and your stupid laws! Hey you! Listen!"

Everyone turned around when they heard Josak's voice.

"These guys are here to catch people breaking the transvestite prohibition law, in other words the crossdressing ban! Everyone hurry up and enter the kitchen! You have to get out! From the storage room, you can use the sewer tunnels and run away!"



At that moment, and to my surprise, almost every woman in the tavern stood up.

"Hey, wait, everyone...."

"They're all violators of the transvestite prohibition law. Crap, what a stupid law."

In other words a ban on crossdressers. I had never heard of that law. It seems that Lord von Spitzberg Stuffel, the older brother of the Maou, her majesty Cäcilie, was exercising whatever power he had left and apparently approved an evil law.

Be as it may, almost every woman in the tavern was a shemale. What kind of place is this?

"By the way, you have to run away too, Josa. Uwah~"

At that moment, I felt something heavy being pressed against my chest. I froze for a moment.

"I'm really sorry! Please, take care of this for a while."

Unsure of her every move, she ran away from the person standing before her. It was the girl Josak had picked, the one with the brown hair neatly tied back, who was sitting in the right corner. Before I could understand what had happened, I found myself holding whatever was wrapped in the wet blankets.

"Eh?"

Why did she give me her luggage? She ran away. For the time being I was happy that after feeling the luggage, I realized that a child wasn't wrapped in it. Thank goodness, it's not a sick child.

".... What is this?"

Next to me Josak was scratching his head.

"Ah, that person really has bad manners. But it's a good thing that they could run away. The manager of the library department is really disagreeable, but it would be a shame if they were found here."

"It's okay, because they can run fast now"



As I turned around to see who Josak was talking to, I realized it was the guy... uh... person who seemed to be a guy in drags who was still peacefully sitting on their chair holding a beverage.

"Is it okay for Gurie-san not to run away? You're pretty important in the army, and if they find you here and it turns into a scandal it would be bad."

"You're right. I will need to escape soon. Hey, commander! Don't just stand there, hurry up and leave!"

The shape of the person who was peacefully drinking while leaning on their elbow was, no matter how you looked at it, that of a man. But they were not panicking due to the transvestite prohibition law, which was proof that her clothes and gender matched.

"H-he is a she? And she was a he?"

"Ahahaha, so you didn't realize sooner, right? Actually commander, everyone except this person here was a guy."

As soon as he said that, I realized that the blonde woman and the two wearing matching outfits were gone. They ran as soon as they heard the word raid.

"This is making me doubt my general knowledge."

"Getting a good scare once in a while is a good thing."

When I started to run away, I began to feel the weight of the luggage pressed against me. That person was carrying this effortlessly. Certainly it's not the physical strength a woman would have.

"Josak, I have to return this to her... uh... him."

"That person is small, if they had to carry something like this they wouldn't be able escape, that's why they gave it to you. Please take care of it for a little while. I'll go pick it up from the commander's place later."

"I don't mind keeping it for a while."

I was worried about what was in the blanket. I thought that something shiny was peeking from inside the bundle, but I had no time to check. Now that I think about it, I really didn't need to run away because of my plain clothes and appearance, but this is the kind of thing that you do for a friend.



"What's inside?"

As soon as he asked the question, the object move. Without a doubt, that thing was alive.

When you return to your house after a long time of it being empty, it's so cold that it almost feels like it's not your own house.

That place is too big to be called a house and too small to be called a castle. It seems that people who live nearby call it a palace or a manor, but I just see a house. It's nothing more than the place where I wake up for a few days, whenever I return to my hometown.

I don't have any family waiting for me there. I had only left a soldier as the gatekeeper, and an old couple house sitting, but that didn't mean that they were using the fireplace the whole time to warm up the house.

However, only on that day, if you were to look inside through a window from the garden, you'd see a light. And if you opened the door, the inside of the room would be warm.

It wasn't a cold season, but my chest, stomach and arms were soaking wet, and my temperature had dropped.

"Conrart-sama!"

A skinny old man came trotting down the stairs. It was the man who was house sitting and who had also served my father.

"Thank goodness! I didn't know what I'd do if you didn't return...."

"Thanks for your help. Come closer to the fire to stay warm. What is it? Is something the matter?"

"Well..."



But as soon as he started speaking, he noticed the luggage I was carrying. The water had drenched my clothes all the way to my thighs and droplets were dripping on the floor from my elbow .

"What in the world is that?"

"I don't know. Someone asked me to keep it for a while. I don't know what's inside. But, since it moves every once in a while, I think it's a living thing."

"A living thing!?"

When I said that, he hurriedly pulled away the arms he had stretched out to pick up the item. Unconsciously, I gave him a grim smile. I'm sorry, nobody would like to be given an unknown living thing, right?

"I don't mind, I'll carry it myself. Could you bring the outdoor washtub to my room? I don't want the floor to get wet."

"Of course, I'll be there shortly!"

The old man replied in a happy tone. Was it because he was relieved that he wouldn't have to pick up the unknown, wet living thing?

"But first tell me, what did you want to say? When you said that it would be a problem if I didn't come back home?"

"Oh! Right, that's right! If you need to go to your room please go quickly . You have a guest, they're waiting in the study."

"A guest?"

It's quite unusual to have someone come visit when the owner is away. No way, could it be the girl... uh... guy from before? I don't think they've come to pick up the luggage already. It's too soon.

"Then I will leave this in my room, change my clothes and meet them. If they've been waiting till now for me, waiting a little bit longer won't make any difference. But tell me, why did you take them to the study?"

"Well.... I offered to make them wait in the reception room, but..."

"I see. Well, it's fine. Please give them another cup of tea while I change, go now."



The old man suddenly looked scared and kept repeating 'but....', 'but...'. He looked worried while thinking about the identity of the guest.

"But, Conrart-sama, please, please hurry up."

"Yes, I will. Who in the world is here?"

"It's... uh... his Excellency Lord von Voltaire Gwendal."

When I heard his name, even I was surprised and I'm sure one could tell by my expression.

"My older brother? Here?"

"Yes."

I thought it was some sort of joke. My brother Lord von Voltaire? Who's always in the capital? He came here, in person, by horse? It's not a distance one can casually ride.

Despite having messengers, for Excellency Gwendal to come in person to see me, without any soldiers that had pledged their loyalty to the country, this is not something that happens every day.

Did something terribly important happen? Or was he on a diplomatic visit nearby and is just passing by? I finished changing my clothes, as I muttered that I hoped it would be the latter, and headed towards the study.

The old man and the gatekeeper arrived with the outdoor washtub. With it, the floor wouldn't get wet, and the blankets wouldn't get dry.

Lord von Voltaire had brought a chair closer, to sit in front of the desk that my father used to use, and was flipping through a thick book that was on his lap. He seemed to have taken it from one of the shelves.

"Excellency."

As I opened the door to the study, he looked up in my direction while remaining on his seat. The brightness of the lamp dyed his face orange.

"Ah, you came back."

"I'm sorry for making you wait."

"Don't care. Either way I wasn't going to ride my horse any longer tonight. I'll



only ride to go back to the city and to where I'll sleep"

"You don't need to go to the city. If my older brother so pleases, you could just stay here...."

Gwendal shook his head slowly and said he didn't want to leave the ten soldiers he brought with him waiting. His long hair swayed gently.

"But, what brings you to this remote area, this late at night?"

"Sit down."

Indeed, it was rude of me to stand while we were talking. Since there was nowhere else to sit, I went around the desk and sat on the cloth-covered chair that my father used to sit on. Contrasting with the room temperature, the place where I rested my elbows was hard and cold.

Gwendal closed the leather-cover book and looked at my face intently. The look on his deep blue eyes made me feel so uncomfortable, that I felt like scratching the back of my neck.

"What is it? Did I win a cash-prize that I'm unaware of?"

"No."

My older brother suddenly let out a short sigh, and gently stroked the uneven surface of the old, leather-covered book with his right palm.

"You ended up resembling him."

"Who?"

"Your father."

Ah, he could only utter a vague reply. But I don't think he came all the way here to talk about such trivialities.

"So..."

"I came here..."

We both went silent, waiting for the other to continue. Of course, Gwendal had precedence. But soon after, I would regret having let him speak. Because from the mouth of his Excellency Lord von Voltaire Gwendal, a leading figure in the country, I heard once again a very troublesome offer.



"Conrart, let's have a match-making party for you."

What a day today!

## References[[edit](#)]

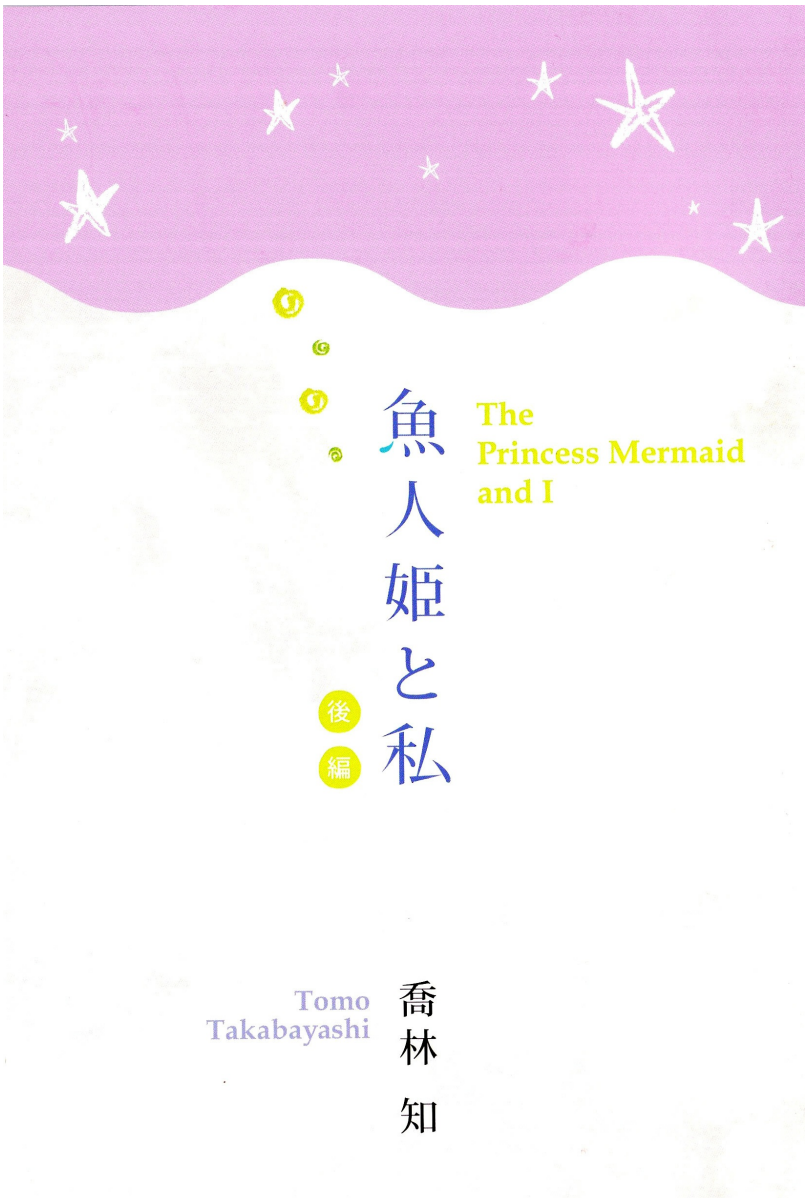
1. [↑](#) A tv personality, here's a pic: <http://shinbishika-guide.com/wp-content/uploads/2014/01/06-DVC00309.jpg>
2. [↑](#) The word in Japanese means: "sphere of action"; which can mean bring someone close physically, like into your room, or being close to someone mentally.
3. [↑](#) Implies that the story "Lost Flower" took place after Dunheely's death.
4. [↑](#) Fangirling.
5. [↑](#) This is written in the third person. The author is explaining what Conrart's thinking.



Part 2

The Princess Maidmer and I - part 2[[edit](#)]

By Takabyashi Tomo



Anyway, rumors tend to spread. And when that happens, people who hear the rumor tend to embellish it and ten becomes one hundred. I'm a good example of that.



Since soldiers respond in extreme ways in a battlefield, many tend to look for pleasure outside it. I too acted without restraint, and thought I should act the same in my private life. Perhaps this was caused in part by the bad example set by my subordinates, but for the most part it's because I wasn't accustomed to value my love life.

Even if I was such a boring man, I had women who were interested in me. If two people get along well<sup>[1]</sup>, they meet frequently. If they become close, they start to develop feelings. But since soldiers don't know what the future holds in a battlefield, a relationship with them doesn't last long.

Furthermore, since soldiers go from one place to another and have to follow orders that come without a warning as quickly as they can, sometimes they don't even have time for farewell words. That's why, knowing that the time to say goodbye was troublesome, I made sure not to develop any deep and meaningful relationships.

However, once that terrible war ended, I was stuck with the unpleasant title of 'Philanderer Prince'.

Couldn't they understand that since I didn't inherit my mother's name, I wasn't a prince?

They couldn't.

Even though I didn't have as many women as people said I did, just thinking that even Gwendal, my brother, could believe those rumors made me feel awful.

I looked away, sighed, and then I said the following to my older brother who I hadn't seen in a long time.

"You don't have to worry, even if I misbehaved with some married women somewhere, the situation is not so bad that it could cause older brother any problems."

"..... What?"

"Eh.... I thought that's why you wanted to get me to settle down quickly."

An awkward silence followed.



Apparently that wasn't the reason why my older brother Lord von Voltaire Gwendal was there.

"Was I wrong? So, why are you here?"

"Because I want you to calm down."

To calm... down? Neither my father nor my teacher ever said something like that to me.

Could he had found out about some of the scandalous things I did on Earth and be angry about it? Or is it about that time I fought one on one with a tiger in the jungle? Or that time that I forced that crocodile's mouth open with all my strength? But older brother, it was part of the CIRCUS PROGRAM, I wasn't in any real danger...

"Is this about that time I had a malfunction with my CLOWN outfit?"

"What's a CLOWN? Is it a man?"

As he gave the conditioned reply that our youngest brother uses, Gwendal put the book on the desk and entwined his fingers on his lap.

"Look, I don't care about that cloclown. Because it's not something I want to hear about. The reason why I want you to calm down is because of the way you lead your life, that's it."

I wonder if he found out about my habit of walking around with wet hair. It can't be helped, I guess I'll have to change that after tonight. However I was not expecting to hear from Lord von Voltaire the words that followed.

"After you somehow managed to survive that long war, all you did was leave the country. When I said you resembled your father, I didn't mean just your face and voice, but that you're mimicking his way of life, and the only thing you do is up and leave on trips for whatever reason. I don't know if it's to do inspections, pleasure trips, or journeys of self-discovery."

"Ah, well..."

"I didn't butt in when you were asked to do something in Shinou's Mausoleum, but even after you were released from that task you did not stay in the country. What explanation do you have for that?"



I most certainly couldn't refuse travelling through many countries in order to serve the future Maou. But Gwendal, who didn't know about it, was talking in a preaching tone. So he continued scolding me in a nice voice, two, no, three times.

"Although I have retired from the military service, I have done a lot of things for this country. And actually I'm always short handed. As you know, the power that was taken away from Stuffel is now equally shared and this is the most important time to lead the country in the direction that it was naturally supposed to take."

"Huh?"

Of course I already knew that. And besides, the one who had managed to achieve that was no other than my oldest brother who was standing before me. However at that moment, I failed to see how a matchmaking party was relevant to anything he was saying. But Gwendal was thinking about deeper layers, so he cleared his throat to continue.

"I'm saying that I need more people I can trust in regards to political affairs."

"Yeah, of course... wait! No way, are you asking me to take a major role in politics?"

"Would that displease you?"

"Wait, what kind of joke is this? Gwen, older brother, you know this, right? What I can do is pretty much fight and nothing else... Of course brute force is useful in the battlefield, and if we, the mazoku, were ever to fall into a crisis in the future... I shouldn't need to say this, but I'd become Shin Makoku's arrow, its sword. In order to stop the enemy, I'd be proud to be used as a shield. But during times of peace, at best I could be used as a bodyguard, and in that regard Gurrier could do my job as good, no, even better than I could."

"Gurrier has shown me what he can do, so I know very well what his abilities are. But I will always want capable people to work with me. People who are respected in the military are important in particular."

"Gwendal, you overestimate me."

The strength in my shoulders left me and my arms that were resting on my



elbows became heavy. I felt like holding my head.

"But... why were you talking about a matchmaking party?"

"Because, if you got married then you would stay in the country. And if you were to go somewhere, then you would surely return."

"That's the reason...?"

I wanted to ask someone for suggestions on how to reply.

Immediately after saying that I resembled my father, he said that I would settle down in the country if I had a home to return to. There's no way that he wouldn't know that Dunheely Weller, even after marrying my mom, Lady von Spitzberg, didn't change his ways, right?

And when I say he didn't change, I mean he didn't change at all.

He only spend a somewhat long time with his wife and children for the first couple of years; but before long he was back to being his old self, living his life on the road. In the end, he ran away from the castle with his young son<sup>[2]</sup>. Thanks to that, I ended up being dragged around to unsafe locations.

Of course, me as his son, had fun spending every day with my father, so I don't think that that was a bad life. But thinking that a man will completely change after getting married is a big mistake.

If I resemble my father, then that means that I will walk the same road he walked. I don't think that marriage would turn me into the 'calm' person he wishes me to be. But to tell me 'let's have a matchmaking party for you', what kind of joke is that?

"If you keep talking about marriage and marriage, then...."

... start talking about yourself first. In regards to this topic older brother should go first, no I mean you (omae) should go first, no I mean you (anata) should go first and bite the bullet. But since the only person interested is Lady von Karbelnikoff Anissina, I felt sorry for him and didn't say anything.

Because it will take serious resolution on his behalf for that to happen.

Without caring about my sagging shoulders, Gwendal continued.



"There are already quite a few people who are interested but... before that I had someone write a personal history card to give to the other parties."

"Personal history card? Ah, like a self-introduction card, you mean? And what does it say?"

Lord Weller Conrart

Brave war veteran. He saved our country from the danger posed by Shimaron soldiers in the last war. Liked by women, children, and animals; his subordinates also trust him deeply. He has mastered every type of weapon everywhere, but is especially good with swords. When it comes to long-swords, he's the best in Shin Makoku and one of the very best in the entire world. He possesses amber-like brown and silver eyes filled with a melancholic beauty. There's a scar on his right eyebrow. As the second son of the current Maou he was born a prince, but he doesn't care about his status and likes to get acquainted with anyone. He's very popular among the working class. The kindness he offers to the weak is like a spring breeze, and his refreshing smile, like sunshine filtering through the foliage in early summer.

What the heck was that?

"Who's that?"

"It says the name at the beginning. It's you, Conrart."

I didn't have any words to reply. Although impolite, I just stared long and hard at him, and then did the same with the thin paper that I was holding in my hand with my mouth half opened. Who in the world gave him this personal history card describing a hero like the one in a maiden's dream?

"Who wrote this? Mother? Or was it Lady von Karbelnikoff.... no, it doesn't sound like her."

Gwendal's face showed disappointment right away. Shit, did he write it



himself?

"Ah... Uhm... Any woman would love to read such a wonderful personal history card, you know? But Gwen, I'm sorry but I... ah!"

We heard what seemed to be a woman screaming, and we both looked up at the same time.

It was heaven-sent help, for I didn't know what to do anymore. On earth they would call this GOOD TIMING.

"Was that a scream? Was it a maid?"

"There aren't any young ladies in this house. I think it might have been the old house-sitter. "

The commotion was coming from my room. As I went upstairs quickly, I realized that the matter about a matchmaking party was left unsettled, and that secretly, deep in my heart that's not what I wanted.

Sure enough, it was the house-sitter who was screaming.

He was pale and was standing before the slightly opened door, without even stepping foot into my room.

"What happened?"

He didn't answer my question and simply pointed to my room. When I looked through the gap left between the door and the wall, I saw the legs of a beautiful woman.

"You let a woman into my room?"

"Nooooooooooooooooo, I've only ever let Josak-san go into your room"

The person who reacted to that statement wasn't me, the owner of the room, but Gwendal, who was standing behind me.



"Which means that that is Gurrier?"

Although his expression didn't change, his dominant hand was clutching tightly the fabric of the clothes covering his chest, proving he was upset.

"No way... Conrart... You and Josak....?"

Wait a sec! This misunderstanding is outrageous! I had just said goodbye to Josak. However in an instant, Gwendal's imagination had turned destructive and he quickly started to back away one step at the time.

"I, didn't think, that you, would be interested in people of all ranks<sup>[3]</sup>, but, oh, I see, this is why you weren't interested in the matchmaking party."

"You're wrong, I swear I'm innocent regarding this matter!"

"So you're saying that there are another matters that you aren't innocent of?"

"No, c'mon! Regarding anything that points in that direction, I'm completely innocent, absolutely innocent!"<sup>[4]</sup>

"So, you, really, invited, a married woman, into your room..."

"Why do you keep coming up with ideas that point in bad directions! Stop saying married women, or widows. And please stop walking backwards, watch it! The stairs!"

He was one step away from the stairs.

"Believe me, Gwen."

As the old house sitter noticed he started to relax, he added in a hurry.

"Your excellency, Conrart-sama didn't bring Josak-san or a married woman here. There isn't supposed to be anyone in his room!"

Then who's there? Is it an intruder? Thinking that was the case, Gwendal who had overcome his depression and me who was eager to find out what was there stepped into the room.

We slammed the door open and it hit the wall, so that we could see who those legs I saw through the gap belonged to.

But what we saw was something no one could have guessed. The two legs



were coming from the tub that was placed in front of the other door at the back of the room.

"This...."

Rather than calling it a tub, I should call it a washbasin to bathe kids. Two long, beautiful legs were growing out of the shallow water container. No, I shouldn't say that they were growing out of the container. There was an actual body they were attached to. But the body wasn't human.

It was a silver, sparkling, shiny body. No matter how you looked at it, this was a large marine creature. In short, the body was that of a fish and it had human legs that were very beautiful.

"This is a ...."

Under the partly covered in water, relaxed fish, I could see the yellow blanket, absolutely drenched. It was the 'luggage' I was given before, that was tightly wrapped in a blanket.

Which means that the long package that I was carrying so carefully had a big fish with splendid legs in it? I can't believe this! Usually someone would notice something like that. How did I not noticed that there was a big living fish in the blankets after seeing the movement and something shiny?

Inside my mind, I cursed my own stupidity: FUCK, SHIT, BULLSHIT!<sup>[5]</sup>

Since using mazoku words would have sounded too vulgar, I tried using curse words from earth. In that way it sounded less impolite.

"It's an individual of the fish people tribe."

"Huh?"

Gwendal approached it looking excited. In regards to encountering an unknown creature, he acted differently from me who was cautious, or from the old man who couldn't stop crying.

"Going by its shape one would think it's a manmer lord, or a manmer king, but because it has such beautiful legs, it must be a maidmer princess. Although they migrate freely through the open ocean, no matter how you look at it, they are really mazoku citizens."



"What? Even though they belong to a completely different species?"

"Don't you know this? They fought against the soushus accomplishing great achievements in the naval battles. This is also written in history books."

"Ahh... yeah I think I've read about that somewhere. But there were no illustrations to go along with it."

Perhaps they thought it would be best if only few people knew that we have associates who looked like that. Rather than calling them mazoku, they look more like rare animals. So, how did Gwendal know what they looked like?

"I found them in an animal list."

"Ehhhh, you're reading a really cute book, huh?"

Because of special circumstances, he was about to make up an excuse saying that he didn't only like cute things, but it was too late. Born from a mother that likes beautiful things and a father that liked strong and tough things, Gwendal didn't take after either of them and ended up becoming a person that likes small and cute things.

But the maidmer princess before my eyes, was neither small nor cute. To my surprise, it seemed that he was also interested in rare animals. He approached the tub with great interest and bent over to inspect it.

But, wait. Didn't he just say that this fish person was a woman, a princess? Was it okay for him to take such a rude attitude towards her, as one would do towards any other animal?

"Uhm, Gwen? Could you please not stare at her like that? Although she's a fish person, she's still a lady you know?"

In an instant my older brother raised his startled face, staring long and hard at me with his deep blue eyes. Once again, that expression of having misunderstood something appeared on his face.

"No way, Conrart..."

How many times had I heard the words 'no way' from Lord von Voltaire that night? Furthermore, he used it in regards to someone else's affairs. His lips were trembling so it was likely that this misunderstanding would once again start a



problem.

"The fact that you brought this fish person to your bedroom.... Conrart, are you and this fish.... no I mean, princess dating?"

"Da-ting, you say?"

"Is this why you weren't interested in the matchmaking party?"

Just because she's in my room he thinks I'm dating her. My brother is so naive. But in that moment, I had an idea. Could I survive this by taking advantage of the misunderstanding?

If I said that the maidmer princess and I were dating (just saying it made my back itchy), and word got out, and her relatives and friends started talking about the person she was dating, would I be able to turn her down without hurting her?

I felt a little sorry for the maidmer princess, but if I were to explain everything to her later, I'm sure she would understand. Explain.... how would I do that? I mean, do marine mazoku understand words? Or rather, how much intelligence do they actually possess?

But that wasn't the time to compare the intelligence of fish to that of a three-year old. Lord von Voltaire was staring at me. The old house-sitter was shaken up. The maidmer princess was graciously taking a bath. Crap, although it was a big fish with beautiful legs, somehow I was thinking of her as a gracious creature.

I remembered then, that on Earth, the place where I had left Yuuri, there was a princess that resembled this marine creature. Although it was a character of a story, children would call it a mermaid. Her lower body was that of a fish, her upper body, that of a human... ah, no! It's completely different! This girl is the exact opposite of that.

Before me, the maidmer princess with her beautiful legs crossed, sparkled like a bonito, but its sliminess and size looked more like another fish loved by Japanese people. If I recall correctly its name was....

"Ah, Tuna-chan!"

"Tuna-chan!? Not Lady Tuna or Ms. Tuna, but Tuna-chan!? You already have



that kind of relationship!?"

My olden brother had broken.

When I said the name of the animal, he believed that I was saying a person's name. What's the problem with adding 'chan' after a name? I wonder what kind of criteria you have to fulfill when dating someone in the Voltaire territory. But the color of his face had change and his hair stood up like that of an angry cat or an upset Günter. It seems that he was completely sure that the maidmer princess and I had a really close relationship, although I never said a single word about that.

"Are you getting married? You and that maidmer princess, are you planning on getting married?"

"It's way too soon to talk about something like that older brother. Right, Tuna-chan?"

When I thought I heard a splashing 'pichi-pichi' sound, I noticed that the maidmer princess was hitting the edge of the tub. I was surprised, was she gesturing something? The rumors were exaggerated and the maidmer princess had pectoral fins<sup>[6]</sup>. But neither Gwendal nor I could tell if those were splashes of joy or outrage.

However at that point, I was sure that she could understand words, or at least, read the air. I knew it, fish and shellfish aren't just brave, they're also very intelligent. At this point I was grateful that I could interpret her movements in a positive way.

"As you can imagine, I'll have to turn down the matchmaking party, but we still don't have that kind of relationship..."

"Before talking about marriage... wait a momeeeent!"

That's why I said that I wasn't thinking about marriage! But it seems that this person didn't listen all the way through and jumped to a conclusion. While wondering who this man with a high pitched voiced that made the remark was, I noticed it was one of the women that Josak had introduced me to. It was a man who was violating the transvestite prohibition law and who had the maidmer princess with him.



The he that used to be a she was at the door grabbing the gatekeeper by the neck, who was dangling in a really uncool way.

Back then, he had been violating the transvestite prohibition law, wearing female clothes, but now, he was wearing average guy clothes.

Although he was still tying his not-long-enough hair in the back, and while he still looked plain, now that his face was clean, you could see his male features. However, his librarian or accountant vibe had not changed. It was because this guy had pressed that yellow luggage against me, that there was now a maidmer princess relaxing in the tub right in front of me. By the way, I wonder how he managed to make those beautiful legs fit inside the blanket. Where her knees folded?

The maidmer princess had no arms. Instead she had fins, but with them she probably couldn't even scratch her back. Having said this, and even though she didn't have any fingers or vocal cords, she could do a brilliant job making herself understood. Furthermore, it was amazing that even though she was basically a fish, she was strong enough to stay alive inside a wet blanket or a tub, even if she was on land.

As I was fascinated with the maidmer princess's sparkling bare skin (of course, NO MAKE-UP), I muttered:

"Such mysterious creatures really exist."

"Please stop it what are you saying don't make her a part of such scandalous thoughts."

He uttered a quick protest. He was just a young soldier who worked as a librarian. Now that he looked like a young man again, I noticed that he was younger than Josak and I. He was just a common soldier with a decent career. Honestly I was surprised that he was a librarian, but I was just as surprised by the words he uttered as he entered the room.



For example, those remarks about scandalous thoughts.

"What? What scandalous things are you talking about we haven't done anything..."

"Didn't you just call her mysterious and beautiful?"

"Conrart."

With his arms crossed before his chest, Gwendal said in a low, bitter voice.

"... Stop it."

"Wait, I haven't said she's beautiful."

"So you're saying that my princess-chan is not beautiful, huh?"

"Of course not! I think that that smoky skin and those smooth features are beautiful. While seeking functionality, such natural shapes possess a beauty that can never be replicated by humans."

Gwen cleared his throat unnaturally and the librarian sighed in an exaggerated manner. Goof grief, when I first met him in Josak's tavern I wouldn't have guessed he had this type of personality. I thought he was a more humble, calm, modest girl.... cut it out you! If you couldn't even tell his gender correctly how could you have guessed what his personality was like?

It had been a while since the old man had ran away, so there were three people and one creature in my room. The three men were surrounding the maidmer princess in the tub. If someone who didn't know what was going on would have seen this, they would have thought they were looking at a little HAREM. Three men who were there to serve one woman. Wait, since on earth a HAREM is something that kings have and include women, wouldn't it be best to call it a reverse harem?

Reverse ha-, it echoed around the corners of my existence.

According to the librarian, the maidmer princess had come ashore the previous night and had pretty much spent an entire day wrapped in blankets that he would replenish with water. Is freshwater good for mazokus who live in salt water? When I asked if there were also freshwater mazokus, a grumpy Gwendal replied "Those would be the kotsugyou".



It seems that I need to read that list of animals right away.

"At any rate, I will return princess-chan. If all of this is true, we have to stop playing with her and return her to the ocean. Since I couldn't ask Gurrier-san to help me, I pushed her against Excellency Conrart, but it was only meant to be for a moment as I ran away."

"You know Gurrier... and Conrart..."

The librarian and Gwendal exchanged looks. The following words were easy to predict.

"Have you no pride as a man? I knew it..."

"I told you I'm innocent!" (Conrart)

"Lies! No matter how amazing a man is, I won't forgive such a lie. An innocent person wouldn't be thinking about marriage with princess-chan right after meeting her!"

"That's why I said that our relationship hasn't gotten to that...."

"So you're saying that even though you weren't thinking about marriage you already had such scandalous thoughts!?"

"I haven't done any scandalous things with Tuna-chan, not a single one..."

"While saying such things you keep calling her Tuna-chan! What the heck does that mean Conrart, no Lord Weller!?"

"Uhhh...."

"At any rate I have no intentions of leaving this place without princess-chan. Back then, I only asked you for help because I had to escape, it was only supposed to be a moment."

"Escape? Escape, you said? Who were you escaping from? Did you bastards, even though you're soldiers do something against rules?"

"If you don't want to lose your talented subordinate, you shouldn't pursue this matter older brother."

"Was Gurrier involved too?"

I was rather tired of trying to clarify things.



I mean, why was I being blamed for everything here? It was Gwendal who had suddenly started talking about marriage, and as for Tuna-chan, it's not like I had stolen her or anything. Didn't the librarian push her against me without my permission?

"However..."

Lord von Voltaire growled with his arms still crossed.

"If his feelings for the maidmer princess are true, I can't possibly agree with what you said before"

"What do you mean?"

"First, she needs to get used to life on the surface, then we can formally announce her as Lord Weller's fiancée."

"You, you can't do that!"

"Why? Do you dislike the idea of having a family?"

"Of course not! That's not the reason but..."

The librarian used his hand to make sure there weren't any hairs out of place. What a nervous man.

"To be honest, princess-chan came to the surface searching for her father. In order to look for her father who had fallen in love with a woman that he chased to the surface, she relied on my family. I come from a family of fishers and we had captured princess-chan many times in our nets, and that's how we became friends."

"He was chasing after a woman?"

"That's right. It seems that her widowed father fell madly in love one night, when he saw the two breasts, like moons, of a beautiful woman."

"Wow, comparing the moon to two breasts that sounds quite poetic. It seems that its not just the kotsuhizoku, but the manmer lords as well, who are good at poetry."

The word 'moon' is a simple word that can easily be manipulated to mean other things. The truth is that this is simply a story about a fish that liked big



breasts. But Lord von Voltaire was completely entangled in the yarn. Because he's weak against good stories.

"Riiight? Both princess-chan and her father are poets. I want to take advantage of my position as a librarian and compile fish people tribe's poems. Of course, I want to do the same with the kotsuhizoku and kotsuchizoku. But first I have to help princess-chan find her father."

"But we don't intend to stay quiet while the lady goes home. Because if I don't settle the marriage of Lord Weller, I'll get criticized by my mother."

I knew it, the mastermind behind all of this is that person!

I didn't think that my stubborn older brother would take the initiative to interfere in his younger brother's love problems. As expected, all of this happened because mother was pulling the strings.

She must have also brought up the matter of my war story in order to incite Lord von Voltaire to do this. I bet mother thought: 'We have to find him a lover as soon as possible! We can't just leave him single and alone like that!'

While I looked up at the ceiling without paying attention, the conversation continued as they forgot about the actual person they were talking about.

"But princess-chan came to the surface only last night. Don't you think it's weird that Excellency Conrart has already fallen in love?"

"But if Lord Weller really has feelings for the maidmer princess, it can't be helped, right?"

"But it's strange. I mean if only princess-chan and his excellency would have known each other a bit longer."

"It doesn't matter if they've known each other for a little while or ten years, the result would still be the same. If Conrart has fallen in love, I am here to accept the maidmer princess into the family as my sister-in-law."

"Isn't this oppression of the nobility!?"

"Wait, wait a moment you two."

This is bad, if this issue about a marriage that I don't want continues like this, and I don't explain how I feel, it could result in a dispute. Furthermore, the



opponents would be a heavyweight in this country and librarian cadet. Like a battle in an unidentified tavern.

Anyways, while trying to stop the altercation, I stood between the two.

"Listen! For a man and a woman..."

Their eyes were piercing me through.

"it's Argentina to fall in love at first sight [\[Z\]](#)!"

Time stopped.

"Ah , of course I think this applies to same-sex couples too."

Both of them suddenly turned their faces away from me.

Hurrah! Was this, a big success? No, even though I interrupted the argument for a moment, the room's vibe didn't improve. And I could tell because no one was laughing, in fact it had gotten a little chilly in there.

In fact, just now, in a moment, I remembered the teachings of someone who I had met on Earth.

To calm people down, you should use a JOKE, Conrad.

That's why I remember a few good AMERICAN JOKES.

If by any chance during a business meeting I feel some bad vibes, I say this:

"Is that hat Germany? Holland!" (Whose hat is this? It's mine!)

Honestly, I didn't understand how it was funny and judging by the geographical names I couldn't see how they were AMERICAN JOKES, shouldn't they be called EUROPEAN JOKES? So I just tilted my head.

But the person telling the joke thought it was hilarious and held his stomach as he laughed. Unlike me, who was only good in the battlefield, this man was skilled



in negotiation.

A man who has time and again been part of meetings where the economic fate of an entire nation is decided, couldn't be wrong. So before I returned to this world, I decided to learn that skill.

I was certain that it would come in handy in the near future.

And the opportunity to show off my skills had come quickly. Even if I had failed my DEATH strategy while throwing my poison dart once, I had to keep trying to improve the vibes.

"Time doesn't NASI GORENG<sup>[8]</sup>!"

All right! Let's do this!

"You don't need a DOLPHIN POOL to love<sup>[9]</sup>."

Rapid-fire!

"They say that when your horse is NOTTINGHAM, and your meals are LAKE KUSSHARO, people are SOY MILK, right<sup>[10]</sup>?"

How about if I try the same joke one more time!?

"Like I said, it's Argentina to fall in love at first sight!"

I felt like space and time had distorted.

I thought that... my AMERICAN JOKES, my JAPANESE 'joke dads' would... but they paid off. I had completely stopped the fight between the heavyweight and the librarian. Although after having lost the fight against both of them, I felt dejected. Halfway through I started thinking they were a little difficult, but my opponents are both fine adults. Since they're not children anymore, I used terms that adults use.

But what should I do! I didn't even get partial laughs. Perhaps Gwendal is



desperately trying to maintain his honor and the librarian is holding back because he doesn't want to laugh in front of a heavyweight? You don't need to hold back, on Earth even the guy telling the joke bursts into laughter.

Ah... I'm telling the joke. Should I laugh at my own jokes then?

"Ahah..."

But as I was laughing awkwardly, I heard the sound of a fierce impact.

The sound of a wet plank hitting something.

"Tuna-chan!"

The maidmer princess was fiercely hitting the tub with her wet fins. The same thing she had done before.

The librarian was stunned, and muttered:

"I-I can't believe this. Princess-chan, are you happy?"

"Happy? Is this her laughter?"

Once again, I heard her hit the tub. This time, even I could understand what she meant. She liked it and she was clapping.

"You wanna hear more, Tuna-chan? What happens to the ground when an earthquake comes? Grand Canyon[\[11\]](#)!"

Pichi-pichi-pichi-pichi

"My Calcutta gets better when I see you smile[\[12\]](#)."

Pichi-pichi-pichi-pichi

Goodness! What an amazing woman!



"After that I started telling AMERICAN JOKES and JAPANESE joke dads one



after another... oh, no! It's not 'joke dads' but 'dad jokes' in Japanese, right?... Your Majesty?"

That's when I felt something heavy on my shoulder. Yuuri, who was sitting next to me had doze off and laid his head on my shoulder.

If I was riding the subway, I wouldn't let this careless child ride alone. It's not like I could ever ask him to stop such dangerous behavior, but this has become a common sight in Japanese subways.

Even if it's only a ten minute ride, they'll end up sleeping on the shoulder of a stranger sitting besides them. Something like that can only happen during times of peace.

Suddenly, I remembered that sense of security I felt when the maidmer princess was looking at me.

It was really a nice feeling.

"Yuuri, when did you fall asleep? How much did you hear of it?"

While I talked, I brushed his bangs, but even so, he didn't wake up. His eyes were tightly shut and his body trembled and moved along with his breaths as he slept.

What? Don't tell me your having a dream?

Yuuri was belly breathing, in other words, breathing with his mouth open.

"Someday, when you get a girlfriend, you make sure to properly introduce yourself to her family. Ah, or maybe right now your head is full of baseball and matters regarding this country, and you're not interested in girls... But what a problem. This means that one day, I will have to tell you once again the story about me and the maidmer princess."

But there's one more problem. If I continue like this, we won't be able to move for the rest of eternity. But if I were to compare this happy problem with the disaster that had happened back then, this was as trivial and light as a dandelion's fluff.



The rain continued to hit the outside of the window.

It really felt like something was clapping, as the raindrops hit the window and roof.

## References[\[edit\]](#)

1. [↑](#) This has a sexual double meaning , 'Get along well' literally means 'ride well on your horse'.
2. [↑](#) This word also means kidnap.
3. [↑](#) All ranks was a euphemism for women AND men.
4. [↑](#) Lots of metaphors but Conrart's saying: I'm not fucking Josak! Gwen replies: Aha! But you're fucking other guys? Conrart says: No, I'm not fucking guys at all!
5. [↑](#) These words were in English so that's precisely what he thought.
6. [↑](#) I knew she'd do this! Ever since part one she's been saying 'the rumor has been exaggerated' by using the unusual phrase 'the rumor has a tail fin'. So the rumor has a tail fin and the maidmer princess has a pectoral fin.
7. [↑](#) The phrase is "It's hard for a man and a woman to fall in love at first sight". But he replaces the 'hard to do' part with Argentina.
8. [↑](#) Originally: " Time doesn't matter" . He replaced 'doesn't' with 'Nasi



goreng', the name of a Malasian dish.

9. [↑](#) Originally: "You don't need a reason to love" he changed "don't need" for "dolphin pool".
10. [↑](#) No clue.
11. [↑](#) It should be 'it breaks' instead of Grand Canyon.
12. [↑](#) Originally: "My mood gets better when I see you smile."